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By GEO. H. BEAMAN.

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ADVERTISING
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From the Boston Courier.
MACBETH REDIVIVUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.
Macbeth, M. V. B.
Lady Macbeth, C. F. A.

Scene—Horn-Barnum Wood near Buffalo.
M. Solus. If I were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.

That 'twere done silly. If the nomination could whitewash an old sinner's pranks and catch.

With that gull's bait success. If but this platform

Could be the mousetrap that would hold them safe as a thief in a mill, I'd show my heels—And here upon these planks of Buffalo, I'd jump the somerset, and gum the flax. But 'tis a ticklish job, for your white man is said to be uncertain, and live Yankees are a rude set of rhymer—and I but preach Old Hickory's bumbugs, which have all exploded.

To plague the inventor. I'm here with double face.

First, as I went for slavery and the war, Strong both against free soil. Next, I go—sneaking Just 'tother way o' Sunday for the niggers. And both ways for myself. Besides, Old Zach

Has shown his colors bravely, and hath been so shy of taking office, that we we bolters can only bow-wow, poppy-tongued, against The Whig Convention that did set him up. They'll quit me for a puling horse of grace, Striding the hobby-horse of Abolition. And wrong-end-foremost entering down hill. Three cheers won't raise the wind. I have no spur.

To scratch the sides of my old dopes, but only to say 'our sufferings is intolerable.' A halting flourish which 'scape all Syntax And fall on 'tother side of Lindley Murray—How now! Whose mare's dead?

Enter C.

C. Only Amy Darden's. The Buffaloes are come. Now sell their hides.

Before you've skinned them! Cut and come again.

M. Is this a Conscience-man I see before me? Whig papers in his hand, as I'm a Dutchman I'll trust thee not, for I do hear thee still Bawl for a Whig and 'Whig organization.' Art thou not, Conscience-man, quite sensible. 'Tis rather a tough job to jump Jim Crow And not break both your shins and bang your nose!

I see thee grin with jaws so palpitant, Gaping from ear to ear. O, stretch-mouth'd Conscience!

Thou marshal'st me the way to Buffalo, And such an instrument I want to use. James Polk was but the tool of 'tother party. And I'm worth ten of him. I see thee grin. And in thy face some 'bocus-pocus' trick Which was not there before—'Tis no Whig thing!

I go and it is done. Old Sancho bites me. For Cass and Butler now I'll ring the knell, That summons them to Jericho, pell mell!

[Exit.

C. Solus.

That which hath made him roar, hath made me squeak. What hath quenched him hath sizzled me.— Odds niggers!

Re-enter M. with a Buffalo Letter.
M. I've done the deed. Didst hear the Lo-cos growl?

C. I heard a Post creak, and th' old granny sigh.

That grinds the Organ.

M. ———— When?

C. ———— At taking snuff.

M. Who was it killed a bumblebee?

C. ———— Tom Thumb.

M. There's one did laugh in his speech, and one cried 'Humbug!'

And then they laughed again as they would burst.

What small-clothes they had got.

C. ———— Moschetto-buzzing!

Some wage,—some Taylor men—the late Whig party.

M. One cried 'Dogs take him!' and 'Old Sinner!' 'Father,

As they had seen me with this Janus phiz Cutting a monkey-shine. I stood and heard them.

Like a stuck pig. I could not say 'Repent!' When they did say 'Old Sinner.'

C. ———— Grin and bear it.

These fellows must be joking. We'll be peevish.

And mind our 'stated preaching.' Don't be scared.

M. But wherefore should they pelt me with 'old sinner'?

Stuck in my chops!

C. ———— These bills must not be minded. More than a flea-bite. Call for a skin plaster And screw your courage to the scratching place.

M. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Whigs forever!'

A Whig's the man for me! a party Whig! A Whig who votes for a Whig candidate! Thus it spun out a ravel'd sleeve of blarney. C. Do you mean me?

M. Still it cried 'Whigs for me!' to all the town.

'Old Zach is not a Whig; and therefore conscience Can't vote for Zach; conscience is always conscience!'

C. Why do you cudgel me with mine own stick?

Old Jack of Clubs; an't there a pair of us? You have sham'd Abraham; go, get some whiskers!

And plaster o'er your gag-law trowsers! M. I'm afraid to think of what I've done. Look not again, I dare not. Burn the documents!

I have made free long enough, and got Like Lewis Cass, pin'd up in 'circumstances.'

For Zach's election I've free-soiled my hide. For him the dough-faced bolters have I bubbled.

And whipped old Tantsbogue round the stump.

Put rascals in the porridge of Democracy. And bit my blessed nose off just to tickle Those same old noses. Van is a good up man! Down, down, brief platform! all the world's a shingle.

And I'm the little and on't whittled off. And now, ye secret, black and midnight flunkers!

Will all great Neptune's moonshine pilot you Out of Salt River. No, sweet tykes of Tammany!

Stand not upon the order of your going. But go to grass. Your stew at Syracuse Was a pot-pie of chaffy trumpery, full Of wrath and cabbage, signifying nothing. I 'gin to be weary of this fun, And wish barnburning bubbles burst and done.

Ring the election bell! Blow whigs! Come whack!

I must surrender,—but not an old Zack! [Waig thunder. Exit.]

"TAKING THE MISSISSIPPI."

From the St. Louis Revue.

While Mr. Sam Stockwell, the artist, now engaged on the great panorama of the Mississippi, was one afternoon slowly floating down the river in his boat, a very uncomfortable shower came pattering down at the moment when he was about dropping anchor to sketch the picturesque establishment of a squatter. He hesitated a moment, but finally let go, and his boat swung around in the stream.

'Vot, is you going to pictur' him mit der rain?' inquired his German boatman.

'No,' says Sam, 'but I'm going to pictur' him mit der pencil. We are now about the right spot to take a good view of that odd looking cabin, and if we go on we will lose it. So haul out the old umbrella, and I will try a sketch. Perhaps by the time we finish our view the proprietor will invite us to take some buttermilk with him.'

The old umbrella had, by certain violent convulsions received on the trip, become quite a curiosity. One half of the whale-bones were gone, and when it was hoisted, it hung like a wet begone sombrero over its owner. The pitching of it carelessly into the boat on sundry occasions had introduced ill shaped skylight in its roof; and, taken altogether, it was the sorriest apology for a shelter ever attached over a sovereign citizen of the great United States. Sam, however, worked away beneath the 'gingham' until he finished his sketch. All this time an affluent from the top of his cone like coronet poured a flood of dark-tinged water over the artist's head, and down his neck.

A German watched this stream with some interest, as if calculating how much the artist's clothes would hold before they would leak. When he had finished, George, the German, broke forth in admiration.

'Vell, for a little man you soaks more water den ever I sees before. It will take you von week to be so nice and dry as vas shon now.'

Just then, a voice from the shore hailed them:

'Look yer, you, with that awful ugly hat; what in thunder are you sittin' out there in the rain for? Who are you? What are you goin' to do?'

'I am going to canvass the Mississippi,' said Sam.

'You're an electioneerer, are you? I inquired the squatter.

'No, not exactly,' said Sam, 'except in a small way for my own individual benefit. I am going to take the river.'

'What are you goin' to take it to?' inquired the squatter.

'All round the country,' said Sam, 'and over to England.'

'Well, afore you can do that, you'll hev to get an awful big tub, and sot yourself at the mouth to draw it off.'

'Oh, no,' says Sam, 'I am drawing it off now.'

The squatter looked up and down the shores two or three times, and then shouted back—'I don't see as it gets much lower—your suckin' machine draws it off dreadful slow.'

'I am painting the Mississippi, my friend,' answered the artist.

'Hev you got my cabin chalked down?' he inquired.

'Yes,' answered Sam, 'and you too.'

'Good, by thunder!' said the squatter. 'When you show me to them English fellows, just tell 'em I'm a Mississippi squatter—I kin hoe more corn in a day than any Yankee machine ever invented, and when I hit anythin' from bullock down to human nature, they generally think lightning is comin'.'

'Are you a Taylor man?' inquired Sam.

'No, by thunder,' says he.

'Doyou go in for Cass then?' inquired Sam.

'Well, I calculate not, stranger, though he's the boy for these diggins,' shouted he.

'What do you support Van Buren?' continued the artist.

'No Sir,' shouted the squatter; 'I support Botsey and the children, and it's mighty tight screwing to get along with them, with corn oil twenty-five cents a bushel!'

'Good bye,' said to Botsey and the children, said Sam; they are the best daisies out; and raised anchor and floated off. As he sped onward the squatter's voice reached him once more, and as he turned back he heard the old Mississippi and me and Botsey!

'I hev you got a letter for boss F?' 'Who's your boss F?' 'The one that I works for.' 'What is his name, you idiot?' 'Robert Brown, sure.' 'There's none here for him.' 'It ain't for him I wants it. It's a letter for myself; but I axes him bekase his name is better known than mine.'

From the N. O. Bulletin.
A Shave.

A Kentucky friend some years since related to us the following anecdote, as having actually occurred in that State.

There was a roystering sort of a fellow named Peter Russell, but usually called Pete Russell, who owned a good deal of property, and therefore had a pecuniary responsibility, though he was always in want of money, and frequently in the hands of shavers.

On one occasion he went to a certain accommodating friend, to borrow two thousand dollars—yes, said his friend, 'Pete. I will lend you the two thousand dollars, and without interest too, if you will give me your bill for the amount on London.'

'Oh, no,' replied Pete, 'I can't stand that. If I give you a bill on London, the cursed thing will be back on me here under protest, in four months at furthest, and then I must pay you the amount and twenty per cent damages. That's too deep a dig.'

'Well,' said Shyluck, 'that is cutting it rather fat, I acknowledge, but I will tell you Pete, what I will do—I will take your bill on London for two thousand dollars and pay you for it two thousand and two hundred, and when it comes back protested, you will have to refund the two thousand dollars, and twenty per cent damages, making together two thousand four hundred, which will leave me only two hundred dollars.'

'Agreed,' said Pete, 'I am willing to stand that.'

So down they sat to prepare the documents.

'But who the deuce shall I draw upon in London,' said Pete, 'I do not know a living soul there.'

'It is perfectly immaterial who you draw upon,' said his friend. 'So far as I am concerned, I am willing you should draw upon the town pump.'

'By Jove!' said Pete, 'I have it—I'll draw upon my cousin, the Duke of Bedford.'

It will be recollected that the family name of his Grace is Russell, and Pete was in the habit of boasting that he had descended from the same stock. So Pete let fly his kite for two thousand dollars on his Grace of Bedford, and received the stipulated amount of two thousand two hundred dollars. The bill, of course, had to be sent out to London, to be presented to his Grace, and regularly protested, in order to establish a legal claim upon the drawer.—One morning it was accordingly found, with other documents, on the table of the Duke's study, having been left for acceptance or payment.

And who, said his Grace of Bedford, taking up the bill, and addressing his man of business, is this Peter Russell, that is drawing on me for two thousand dollars? I never heard of him before, and do not know by what authority he does so.

'I am equally ignorant,' your Grace,' said the 'hommede' affairier, 'I know nothing of him.'

'Well,' said his Grace, after musing a moment, 'it is very probable now that he is some poor and distant branch of my family, who has wandered away off there to the wilds of Kentucky, and is in distress: the amount is but a trifle; let the bill be paid,' and paid it was.

In due course of time Pete's friend got back two thousand dollars, less Bankers' commissions, and without interest, for two thousand two hundred he had paid Pete some months previously.

It was a regular shave, only the shaver became the shaved.

Our friend, from whom we had the story, said he never heard whether Pete ever renewed the operation.

We can only add, that we have often wished we had a cousin in London.

CURIOUS SCENE AT CAPE MAY.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, writing from this fashionable resort, described the following lively scene as having occurred in the waters which lash the shores:

'Look out yonder at that surf. Is not that glorious! See those swimmers. Will you believe that that lady whom you saw but an hour ago, shaking gaily her luxuriant curls from her face and listening to mawkish sentimentalism in the drawing room (Jee said then that he saw a suitor of contempt in her joyous eyes) is the same bold swimmer that is dashing away the foam caps of the waves outside the surf! Come and go down with me, and I'll introduce you to her—'What! out there? did you not exclaim? Certainly, out there. I introduced Joe to her this morning in the same place. He was remarking on the fine picking for sharks, and of fifteen hundred bathers then in the surf, and seeing one lady and gentleman outside of all the others, I proposed to him to swim out and be ready to aid her in case of accident. No sooner said than done. I had no fear of sharks, for I never heard of one attacking any one on our shores; nor do I believe the blue shark will touch a man, so long as he can get fish to eat. But I always fear for a lady who is far from the shore, lest her strength should fail her. It requires a very great degree of coolness to swim in a heavy sea. Imagine my surprise on swimming past the lady and gentleman I have mentioned, at finding that it was no other than my friend Mr. ———— and his daughter Miss ———— with whom I have swam many an hour in rougher water than that—a lady perhaps unequalled as a swimmer in this country, (and while I am about it, I may as well add, that you are the greatest horse woman too, my dear ————)

'Hurrah!' exclaimed a clear ringing voice—'Hurrah! Who would have thought of meeting you here? I've met you I believe at every place imaginable, from Niagara to the American Museum; but the idea of meeting you outside the surf at Cape May, is unexpected! Father said here, here's W. ————'

'Where?' said Mr. ————, puffing, and for the first time aware of my presence. 'He was glad to see you, W. ———— I'd give you a hand if I had one to spare.'

'Here's one for both of us then,' said the lady, a much more expert swimmer than her father; at the same time reclining gracefully on one side, and offering me her left hand, as she swam with her right. I took this opportunity to introduce Joe, and it was done in the most approved style of drawing room introductions. My dear Miss ————, allow me to present to your kind notice—(here a foam cup broke in my face, and I paused an instant)—my friend and ally, Mr. Willis, of whom you have heard me speak.

It gives me great pleasure to meet Mr. Willis, whom I have long known by most excellent reputation. 'Miss ———— will please excuse me to make a graceful bow,' said Joe, most comically, with his mouth just above the edge of the water; his nearest approximation to one which I can devise under the circumstances is a dive—but I fear that would be rather ludicrous than otherwise.'

We laughed heartily at Joe's apology, and swam shoreward.

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Growth of a New England Town.

The age of romance has not yet passed away. This matter-of-fact nineteenth century abounds in wonders as many and great as any past age on which the imagination loves to dwell. The realities of the present are as striking as the fiction of ancient days.

In our youth we were wont to follow with eager interest the hero of the seven league boots, and lo! in our manhood a hero appears, who puts the object of our youthful imagination entirely in the background; a giant, Telegraph by name, whose strides are measured, not by leagues, but by the earth's circumference. Everywhere he rounds us, in one of another form, we find the dream of past ages converted into substantial realities.

Our mind has been much interested of late in some facts which were given us in illustration of the rapid growth of a flourishing town in New England.—New England, that land of rocks and ice, whose soil would seem very unpropitious for any magical productions. But really, the rise of the town, to which we allude, seems like the work of magic. Two years ago a few farm houses stood on or near the spot where now stands the town of Lawrence. The Merrimack, whose waters, farther down in its course, had become obedient servants to men, cheerful co-workers with him in building up the famous city of Lowell, here rolled on in primitive idleness and independence. But the keen eye of industry rested upon those glancing, merry waters, and the days of play were numbered. Henceforward the river must work.

Some reluctance being manifested by his majesty, Sir Merrimack, at this change in his life, a little gentle force was applied to ensure his compliance. He foolishly tho! it seems, that because the waters had gone on leaping and frolicking since creation's dawn, he might defy the will of man.—But he soon learned his mistake. When at first a few stones were thrown into the stream, he laughed at these manifestations, as he imagined them, of man's impotent rage; but when after a few days to him he saw a solid wall rising through his very heart, he grew serious, and when, finally, that wall became a dam, nine hundred and sixty feet long, twenty-two feet high, thirty feet thick at the base and twelve at the top, his courage failed and he yielded calmly to his fate.

But we are speaking of matters of fact, and we must talk in matter of fact style.—Dropping then all figurative language, we add a few plain statements.

Where a few years ago a few persons lived, almost in solitude, now stands the town of Lawrence, with eight thousand inhabitants. Where some lonely farm houses were then seen, now you behold a machine shop four hundred feet long, eighty feet wide, and four stories high, or the immense factory-buildings of the Atlantic or Bay State, or other companies, with their capitals of hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars, and giving employment to thousands of persons.

Nor are the buildings erected for toil and profit the only ones which meet the eye of the visitor. He sees a public hall, or town house, built at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, beautiful churches liberally aided by the various companies, and twelve public school houses, some of which cost thirteen thousand dollars apiece.

These, certainly, are astonishing results to be effected in the brief space of two years, and it is interesting to know how they could be effected in so short a time. Why, says one, it is easy enough to see how it was all done. Large capitals, such as belong to the founders of that town, make such results easy. Would that we might see such results accomplished by the capital of our city and State.

But, admitting the almost unlimited power of capital, whence did this capital come? Not from inheritance, for most of the men wielding it were once poor men. It came from industry, free labor, intelligent labor, respectable and respected labor. In that lies the secret; there is the magical power.

'Kitty, where's the flying pan?' 'Johnny's got it, carting mud and clam shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse.'

'The dear little fellow, what a genius he'll make—but go and get it. We're going to have company, and must try some fish for dinner.'

'Boy,' said a traveler to a little fellow whom he met, clothed in pants and roundabout, but minus of another very necessary article of apparel; 'boy, where's your shirt?'

'Mumsey's washing it.' 'Have you no other?'

'No other!' exclaimed the urchin, with indignant scorn; 'would you want a body to have a thousand shirts?'

Mexico annually exports about fourteen millions of acres to England. The product of her mines this year will be much less than formerly, on account of the difficulty of obtaining quicksilver, which is necessary in the smelting of the precious ores.

Salt for Cattle.

Having for several years, been in the habit of using rock salt among stock, I can, from experience recommend it to those who wish to keep their animals in good health. They have been observed by the agricultural societies in England and Scotland to thrive upon it much better than without it, and nature seems to point out to them, the medicinal benefit of it, as when it is supplied to them, they are constantly seen licking and apparently enjoying it. The expense is so very trifling that the owners are amply rewarded by seeing their stock thrive so well. For horses or cattle when tied up, a piece of four or six pounds weight should be put in the manger or trough for them to lick at pleasure, as servants often neglect to mix it with their food; but when in the field or yard, one large lump in a bucket will be sufficient. Sheep should never be without several pieces in a long trough, so that several can get to it at the same time. I have seen several cases of the rot in sheep where much benefit has been derived from its use, and some think it a preventive. I have also known a person who had a large dairy who to test the utility of salt, took it away from two of his cows for a week—their milk visibly decreased; but upon its being again given them, the usual quantity returned, the milk and butter being of finer flavor and keeping better. I prefer the rock salt to the common salt, as it does not melt with the rain, or mix in too large quantities with the food, and is much cheaper in the end.—[C., in Fife Herald.]

Hauling Manure in the Fall.

Many farmers cart out their summer made manure in autumn, and leave it in scattered and unprotected heaps, in the fields. This we consider bad economy, unless the heaps are protected by a stratum of loam.—By sowing a bushel or two of gypsum over the surface of these heaps, and then super inducing a top layer of loam, the loss resulting from the evaporation or escape of the fertilizing gases will be obviated, and unless the weather be very wet, the deterioration consequent upon exposure will be of slight account. Even in the yards, manure should never be exposed openly in the air. Every fresh addition of excrement should be protected by a new layer of mould. This, as it readily absorbs the volatile gases which are ever striving to escape into the atmosphere, will itself become rich, and may be applied with animal excrement advantageously to most crops requiring the assistance and support of either vegetable or animal manures. Gypsum arrests the ammonia which so copiously escapes from an animal excrement while in a putrefactive state and retains them for the benefit and sustenance of the crops to which it is applied.—[A Practical Farmer.]

KETCHUM'S PATENT MOWING MACHINE.—At the recent exhibition of the N. York State Fair a new machine for mowing attracted great attention, particularly among the farmers. Mechanical ingenuity has, for many years been put to severe test, to produce a machine that would lighten that most severe labor of the farmer—mowing; many machines have been invented, but after a short trial have been found worthless or nearly so. Mr. Wm. F. Ketchum, of this city, has at length produced a machine that, in the opinion of those capable of judging, answers every purpose on either rough or smooth ground—cutting the grass much closer and laying it more even than can be done by the ordinary method. One man and a span of horses can, it is said, cut from 12 to 15 acres per day with perfect ease. The capacity of the machine to perform what is claimed for it, has been thoroughly tested in presence of numerous of the most experienced farmers of this section and we are pleased to learn that the ingenious inventor is likely to reap a fair reward for his perseverance and industry.—[Buffalo Adv.]

POLITICAL.

Plain Talk.

The Hon John C. Clark, a member of the old Harrison Congress in 1840, has addressed a letter to the Auburn Rough and Ready Club, from which we make the following extract. He 'makes the chips fly' from the recently resuscitated humbug of Van Burenism in fine style. We commend his comments to the sober attention of the Van Burenites. One of its editors will be likely to feel his ears tingle a little, in reading 'the true record' below, or we are mistaken!—[Free Press.]

'Let no Whig be deceived—Van Buren is at his old tricks of deception, and chicanery. He is still the same old Fox, which the Whigs borrowed in 1840. For some seven years he has nestled in his hole at Lindenwald, plotting by what means he could again brandish his brush in the political field. He has been fairly unbagged by the princely John and the pious Butler. Again he stands before us. There is no mistaking the animal. The same sly, unscrupulous, and cautious creeping, mark his identity. Monsieur Reynard, like Monsieur Toulon, has come again, and complacently asks the Whigs to throw open their poultry yards and yield their fat capons to his tender embrace!'

But is there not one bright spot in the dark picture of his political life? 'Certainly,' answer his barnburner ecologists—the free soil peepholes who in '44 made the welkin ring with buzzes for 'Polk, Dallas and Texas.' He was opposed to the annexation of slaveholding Texas. Sir, I deny this. There is no evidence of the fact. His unsupported declaration, with me, is worth as a deer's oath. His conduct subsequent to the date of his letter avowing

his opposition to annexation, proves that in writing that letter he acted the hypocrite and deceiver. But the thing did not take. His cunning for once shot wide of the mark. He was well aware that no inconsiderable number of his political friends at the North were hostile to the iniquitous project. Their support was all important in the nominating Presidential Convention.—Having given to his Southern friends so many striking evidences of his doughfacedness and promptitude in the execution of their behests, he fondly fancied that they would construe the letter, as he intended, as a more marked peace with the Northern free soil men, without the slightest intention of standing by it. But the Southrons, much to his disappointment, gave him credit for sincerity, and held him to the bond—and as no anti-annexation man, under the operation of the hocus-pocus tactics of a Loco-foco Convention, aided by the anti-republican two-third rule, could obtain the nomination, Mr. Van Buren's son was totally eclipsed by a small orb from Tennessee.

If he was a sincere opponent of annexation, why did he not, like a frank, honest, and honorable man—a man who cherishes principle for the sake of principle, oppose the annexation candidate? He did no such thing. So far from it, he used his influence which might have (if properly directed) defeated the unholy project, to give the vote of this State to Polk—and unfortunately for freedom and the country he succeeded. He well knew that annexation would certainly follow Polk's election. Having by his influence and vote, aided most materially in the consummation of this wickedness, and in the enlargement to a fearful extent, of the bounds of slavery, how can he summon to his aid impudence sufficient to look the American people in the face and challenge their support on the ground of free soil principles?

Can any Free Soil Whig (and I believe all Whigs are Free Soil men) be gulled and cheated by one whose treachery to the cause of freedom stands out so boldly from the mid picture of the Texas Annexation?

Can any old fashioned Abolitionist so forget what is due to honor, principle and consistency, as to vote for a man who has given such glaring proof of his contempt of him, his efforts and his doctrines?

Can any considerable portion of the 15,000 voters who defeated the anti-annexation candidate in '44, by throwing away their ballots on Birney, again indirectly, though effectually, perhaps, aid in the election of Cass, the open and avowed anti-provisoist, by casting their suffrages for Van Buren? Certainly not, unless they wish to see New Mexico, California and other countries, which the bellicose G. N. Cass, (who had a stomach capacious enough to contain the whole of Mexico), if elected President, (a calamity which, I doubt not, a kind Providence in mercy to the cause of Freedom and the Country will not inflict upon us,) may be pleased to conquer and annex, taking Texas as a Model.

Again let me ask on what grounds do the Buffalo plotters claim support from the Whigs and free soil men for Van Buren? Has he furnished to them or the Country any evidence that he has renounced the political devil that possessed him from 1837 to 1844, and all his works. Show me the stool of repentance which can witness tears shed over his many political transgressions—tears shed for the miseries which, when President, he inflicted on the business, industry and happiness of the people.

Bring me a certificate from the tens of thousands of honest, industrious and intelligent business men of the country, overwhelmed by his mad and ruinous experiments upon the currency, with poverty, involving in a common ruin confiding friends, disconsolate wives and fatherless children—that he has put on sackcloth and sat down in ashes, in token of their many and grievous wrongs.

Show me a statement made by the host of honest, capable and devoted public servants, whom he has unceremoniously ejected from office—because they would not cheat prices to the Loco Foco idol of the day and prostrate their offices and their official influence to the electioneering purposes—that he has ceased to be alike vindictive and proscriptive.

Bring me Uncle Sam's affidavit, that the millions of dollars stolen from his strong box by the paws of Van Buren—by his Custom House officers, Land Receivers, et al embezzlers—has been returned to his Treasury. Show me the list of public defaulters, under his administration—men without merit appointed to office in consideration of their political services, either past or prospective—men continued in office after their iniquity was made known to him—defaced by one penitential tear. Bring me all these, before you ask me as a Whig to vote for Martin Van Buren.

The Whigs who are prepared to disgrace themselves by giving 'aid and comfort' to their old and implacable enemy are, I opine, few and far between. Occasionally I hear of an ultra Simon Pure Whig, who is so extravagantly Whiggish that his nervous system is shocked at the name of TAYLOR, but he can gulp down Van Buren, as pleasantly as an invalid swallows sugar coated pills. I envy him not the delicacy of his stomach. I hope he has a forty horse power digestion that the aid of tartar emetic is not to be required to relieve him of his nauseous load.

A MAN OVER NIAGARA FALLS!

Buffalo papers of last week contain a thrilling account of the passage of a man in a sail boat down Niagara river,—the swamping of the boat, and the precipitation of the adventurer over the Falls, which was the end of him in this life. He was a shoemaker, named Richard Leedom, and belonged to Buffalo.